

Catarrh AND COLD IN THE HEAD

relieved instantly by one application of
Birney's Catarrh Powder



Rev. FATHER CLARK, D.D., to the Rev. Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, writes:
"I cannot say enough for your Powder. It has cured me of an aggravated attack of catarrh when nothing else could help me. Am delighted with it. All my friends to whom I administered it, are quite enthusiastic over it. The good advice you most encouragingly give me of it in the hospital under their care. I will do anything to speak a good word for the remedy to help others who are suffering."
M. E. PRATT, M.D., to the Rev. Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, writes:
"Being almost entirely deaf for a number of years and getting no relief from many so-called cures which I tried, was induced by a friend to try Dr. Birney's Catarrh Powder for my deafness. I have recovered my hearing entirely, so that I can now hear a watch tick plainly, it being held in inches from my ear. I look upon it as a positive cure for deafness and have recommended it to use to many of my friends and can say I have never heard of a case where it has failed to relieve."

FULL SIZE bottle of powder and blower COMPLETELY POSTPAID, 50c.
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Will do a general practice of medicine except obstetrics. Special attention will be given to diseases of children and all forms of chronic diseases. Office in the Chestnutfield Pharmacy, 115 Kansas avenue. Residence 302 West 6th st.

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Send your work to the Topeka Steam Laundry and have the rents in your shirts sewed up, FREE. Fine work on short notice.
Phone 153.
E. M. WOOLGER, Manager.

The STATE JOURNAL'S Want and Miscellaneous columns reach each working day in the week more than twice as many Topeka people as can be reached through any other paper. This is a fact.

If dull spiritless and stupid. If your blood is thick and sluggish. If your appetite is capricious and uncertain. You need a Sarsaparilla. For best results take Dr. Williams'. It recommends itself. J. K. Jones.

Try Phillips' mineral water. It is considered the finest water for the stomach. 612 W. Eighth avenue. Try it.

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Having purchased F. W. Whittier's interest in the firm, we are prepared to give the people of Topeka the best the market affords.
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Billie—Yes, the best in town. At Whitney's.
Charlie—Where is that?
Billie—At Whitney's old stand, 730 Kansas avenue.

Peerless Steam Laundry 112 and 114 West 8th.

When you buy Quaker home made bread see that it has our registered trade mark (a shield) on it, and you will not be deceived.
VESPER & CO.

Fine Work.
At Topeka Steam Laundry.

Peerless Steam Laundry—Peerless Steam Laundry.

D. Holmes, druggist, 731 Kansas ave.

112 and 114 West 8th, Peerless Steam Laundry.

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—AT—
FRANK SACH'S

GREENHOUSES WEST 10TH ST.

You find Bargains for Spring Trade in Bedding, House and Decoration Plants at **Lowest Prices.**

DESIGN WORK A SPECIALTY
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Headquarters for Cut Flowers, Decoration and Design work. In the city at G. Stansfield's Drug Store, 632 Kansas avenue.
280—Telephone—280.

Or at J. Weiss & Co., Grocers, 831 Kansas ave.,
175—Telephone—175.

Order at these places and you will be pleased with Price and Quality.

An honest Confession.

If we were asked the reason why "VIAGI" performs such wonderful cures, we would be honest, and say, "We don't know." Ask a scientist why an apple invariably falls downward, and he would say it was due to the law of

Gravitation.

That is about all he could tell you. It is no more natural for bodies to gravitate toward the center of the earth than it is for "VIAGI" to cure the diseases peculiar to women. It is not a drug, but a food, which nourishes and strengthens the affected parts, thereby enabling nature to throw off the disease. Our Health Book sent free.

KANSAS VIAGI CO., Topeka, Kas.



Athletic Women Students.

A vigorous set of collegians are the young girls of the Woman's College of Baltimore, which is the first one in the world to make physical training a full department with regular instructors and professors. All students are required to take the course as an important branch of the college curriculum. In consequence the girls do excellent athletic work in their finely equipped gymnasium under the Swedish women instructors. With agility and grace they march, run, vault, pose, away, twist themselves into graceful and curious attitudes with great flexibility, swing themselves upon ropes, sailor fashion, "skin the cat," as the small boys say; wriggle through the bars of swinging ladders at dizzy heights and perform feats of endurance and strength that even their disdainful brothers might admire. The uniform is a blouse and divided skirt of blue flannel, yellow necktie and shoes.—Baltimore American.

Hon. Rosa Hood.

In court circles a good deal of interest has been created by the announcement of the engagement of the Hon. Rosa Hood, the only unmarried daughter of Lord Bridport, to Mr. Evans of Fording Abbey. Miss Hood has been a maid of honor to her majesty for more than eight years and is a great favorite, and her father, Lord Bridport, in spite of his advanced age—he is over 80—is in equally high favor as a lord in waiting. Her majesty will not hear of his resigning his appointment, and it was always arranged that he and his daughter had their waltzes together. It is probable that now the queen will accept Lord Bridport's resignation, as he will probably live with or near his daughter. Miss Hood is no longer young—she was born in 1852—but she is extremely attractive, and every one is devoted to her.—London Correspondent.

Tight Lacing.

The woman of good taste would now as soon think of using stage makeup on her face by daylight as of tightening her corset unduly, and the best dressed woman on the promenade will find indulging not in tight shoes, tight gloves or a tight bodice. The cuts in all the Parisian books of the best standing reproduce in their models of style women of full figure, tall, it is true, but with waists of generous girths and hips of the Venus de Milo pattern. English fashions represent their types of modish women of all the long wasted, wasp variety, after the fashion set by the slender Princess of Wales and her much laced daughters.—New York Telegram.

Unfair to Women.

Miss Mary Agnes Lyon, a young girl of New York city, lately sued, through her father, for damages for injuries received in a railroad accident. The corporation's counsel brought forward an extraordinary law, passed last year, requiring any one who demanded damages to be stripped and personally examined before the court or before two doctors and a referee to be appointed by the court. The young lady refused to submit. Examination by two women physicians in good standing ought certainly to be substituted in the case of women.—New York Letter.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Crown.

Mrs. Bradley Martin's famous diamond crown will be surpassed, if rumor is true, by one recently purchased by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, which was formerly worn by the Empress Eugenie. This crown, which imitates a bunch of violets surrounded by leaves of the same flower, is composed of 2,000 diamonds mounted in old silver and lined with gold and is said to have cost Mrs. Vanderbilt \$300,000.—New York Letter.

A New Evil.

Mrs. Louis Vanderhoef, at a convention of the Kings County Women's Christian Temperance union held in Brooklyn the other day, said that the injection of morphine into the arms of store girls to give them temporary strength is a new and rapidly growing evil.

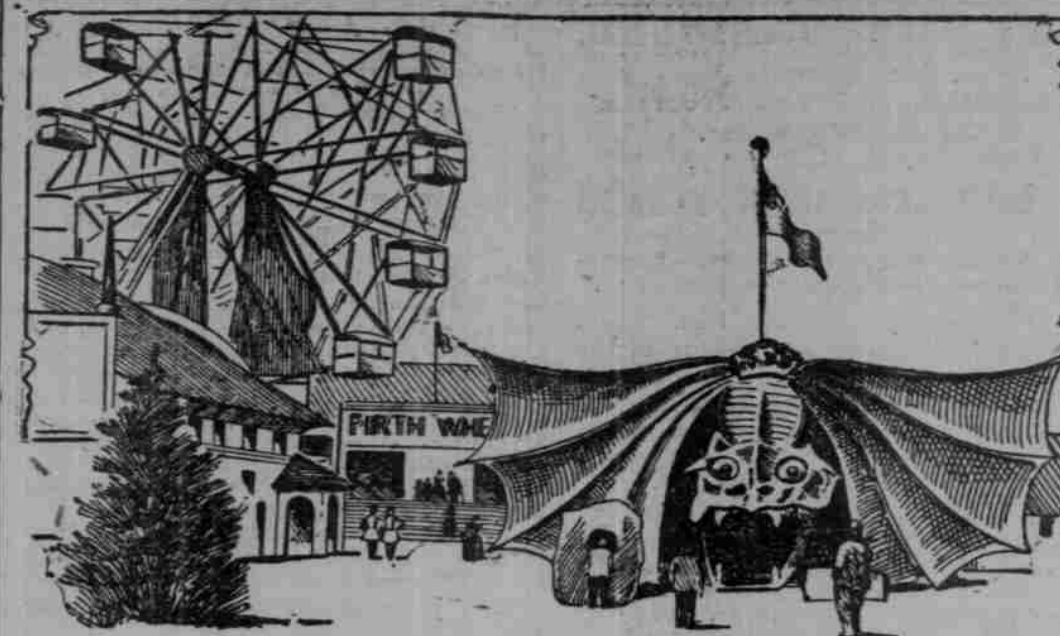
Mrs. Sarah F. Norton of Towanda, Pa., writes in the Athens News that she has made up her mind never to pay any more taxes until she can have the same privileges as male taxpayers.

All of the students of the violoncello at present at the Royal Academy of Music in England are women. Women violin players have increased greatly in numbers in Europe of late years.

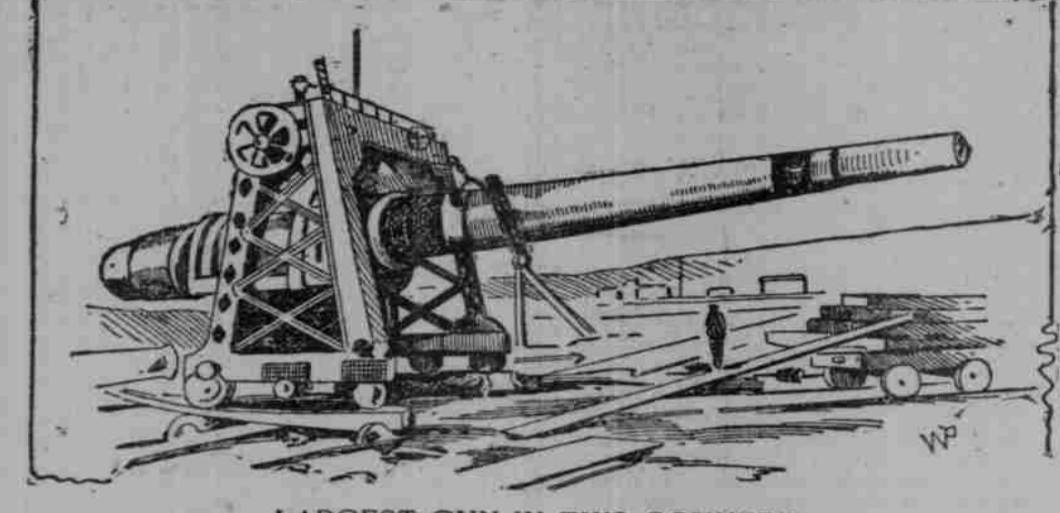
Dr. Sarah C. Hall of Fort Scott, Kan., has been elected president of the County Medical association. She has also received the appointment of medical examiner for the degree of honor.

Lady Henry Somerset during a recent trip of nine days addressed over 22,000 people on intemperance and had presented to her 27 public addresses.

Mrs. Louise P. Hopkins has resigned from the Boston board of school supervisors on account of ill health after seven years of excellent service.



MIDWINTER FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO—ENTRANCE TO DANTE INFERNO.



Recently successfully tested at Indian Head. Bore 13 inches. Weight of gun alone 65 tons, with carriage 100 tons. Cost of one charge \$500—using 560 pounds of powder and 1100 pound arrow-piercing shell. Cost, exclusive of mountings, \$60,000.

In the Spring.

It was a glorious morning. The girl walked along the sunlit sidewalk—elastic, hopeful, happy. Happy because the birds were, because the flowers were, because all nature was. She breathed in the fresh, pure air as if it were food and tonic to her. The color played hide and seek in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled in the clear sunlight. She was unconsciously saved by a dude. "There is a world of beauty in it all," she said as she moved along. "There is a glory of color in the sky, in the grass, and the trees, and the flowers. There is promise in every growing thing. There is hope in every bud, and there is sustenance in the sunshine. There are life and energy and purpose everywhere." "Weally," he exclaimed, looking around, "I hadn't noticed. I came out in my tan gloves this morning instead of my drab ones, and it has worried me so that I had not observed the weather, don't you know?"—Detroit Free Press.

Specified.



Sympathetic Steward—Lights bother ye, mum?
Very Sick Passenger—N-no. I think it's my liver.—Life.

She Wouldn't Punish Him.
"Madam," exclaimed the indignant neighbor, "your little boy has got a hatchet, and he won't give it up."

"Oh, well, let the little darling have it," replied the fond mother.

"But he's brandishing it about his head and chasing the other children around the yard."

"He's crying 'Ugh! Ugh! Whoop!' isn't he?"

"That's exactly what he's doing."

"Yes, my pet likes to play Indian. Does he cry 'Me scalp paleface'?"

"Yes, yes; but don't you see?"

"Oh, let the little fellow enjoy himself! He takes such pleasure in the sport," said the fond mother.

"But he'll hit one of the others!" cried the indignant neighbor frantically.

"Not intentionally," returned the fond mother. "He never means to hurt any one."

"No, but he does sometimes, and it's dangerous, madam—it's dangerous."

"Perhaps it is," said the fond mother thoughtfully.

She went to the window and called out: "Willie, if you hit any of the children with that hatchet, I'll whip you and put you to bed."

As she resumed her seat she said to her indignant neighbor: "You need have no fears. I hate to punish Willie, but I promise you that I will hit him one of the children."

And she cannot understand now why the neighbors will not allow their children to play with Willie.—Toledo Blade.

A Prudent Man's Fate.

"These railroad disasters, my courage o'fenders," said he. "I won't ride on the train," and, starting to travel over concrete and gravel, fell and broke a large hole in his brain.

"These steamboat explosions fill me with commotions. I will walk if it takes me a week." So he walked all vacation, but nervous prostration completely broke down his physique.

"I wouldn't ride in a phaeton, not if it should weigh a ton. If you ride behind horses, you're dead." Then a cyclone came whirling. His house started twirling and thundering down on his head.

"I won't ride a bicycle, break bones like an icicle and go to those hospital cribs." Then a bicycle rider, a wheelman named Snyder, rode against him and broke in his ribs.

Then the surgeon inspected his backbone deflected and found that his head had been split, but young Mr. Snyder, the bicycle rider—why, he wasn't injured a bit.

"In no church congregation I'll take up my station. A church may burn down in a minute." But that night a dire unquenchable fire burned down his own house and him in it.—New York World.

Love Levels.

They had wandered away from the throng of dancers and lingered among the flowers, where the music came to them in subdued strains.

"Though you are rich and I am poor!"—He had been fortunate in getting an early choice of three suits, and he looked very grand and noble as he spoke.

"I am not afraid to ask you to be my wife."

"Oh, George!"

The two simple words, coupled with a deep flush of the cheek and a bright light in the eye, uttered liberally.

"I am not afraid," he repeated, gathering her in his arms. "I am satisfied."

He bent low and whispered in her ear.

"That your father's victims cannot recover in a suit at law."—Detroit Tribune.

Made It Useful.

"Hello, Timmins!" said the inventor's friend. "Have you done anything with your flying machine yet?"

"Yes."

"Anything practical?"

"Eminently practical. Part of it I used for kindling, and by putting rockers on the rest I made it into a first class cradle for the twins."—Washington Star.

Figuratively Speaking.

Dog Faced Boy—Der ossified man's satisfied now, I guess. He got der india rubber boy bounced, and der fat lady and der Circeanian beauty scrapping over him. Now he's going.

Human Hercules—I'm glad of it. That ossified man has been nothing but a bone of contention the whole time he's been here.—Puck.

A Standard of Merit.

"And mamma," continued the bud rapturously, "after the theater he took us all to supper."

"What kind of a supper was it?"

"Oh, mamma, it was perfectly lovely; it cost so much."—Detroit Free Press.

Kept His Promise.

Mad Woman—I want the editor of The Matrimonial Matchmaker arrested.

Lawyer—What has he done?

"He promised for \$50 to find me a husband with a title."

"Well?"

"Well, the husband he has picked out is chief of a tribe of Digger Indians."—New York Weekly.

The Beggar and the Pug Nose.

A gentleman whose nose was of a decidedly retromouse type gave a copper to a poor man with one eye.

"May heaven preserve your sight!" the beggar exclaimed.

"And why my sight so particularly?"

"Because, if ever you became shortsighted, you could not possibly wear eyeglasses."—Semana Comica.

A Possible Clew.

Mrs. Bryde (to her solicitor)—I cannot imagine how the unfortunate affair has leaked out. I have certainly never dropped a word about it in the presence of my servants.

Solicitor (dryly)—Possibly not, madam, but have you ever dropped a word about it in the presence of a keyhole?—Tit-Bits.

In Doubt.

"What does this picture represent?"

Artist—Fifty.

"No, no. But what is the subject?"

Artist—Why—or—let me think. Oh, yes; it depends on where you want to place it. It is either a bunch of tiger lilies or a string of trout.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Mistake.

At Delmonico's in Thompson street. Guest—Look heah, you black rascal! Heah's a piece of tortoise shell comb in my beef stew.

Waiter—I beg your pardon, sir. The cook's made a mistake and given you ter-rapin instead of beef.—Texas Siftings.

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If you wish to buy or rent a first class new or second-hand PIANO or ORGAN, upon the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS, call upon us.
We have secured the services of a first class PIANO POLISHER and REPAIRER and are prepared to repolish all kinds of musical instruments, furniture, etc.
REPAIRING SOLICITED.
CONRON BROS.

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Has removed his business to 107 East Sixth avenue, where he will do a General Undertaking and Embalming business.
I HAVE FIRST CLASS LADY AND GENTLEMEN EMBALMERS.
I have the Finest and Largest Chapel and Best Morgue in the city, and belong to no combine of anti-combine. Office is open day and night.
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DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM
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